# ON THE LAKE

ELIZABETH REYNOLDS

Dame Fortune, so fickle grown,
And always blind,
And often tipsy.

from
"Doctor Nye"
by
Jos. F. Lincoln.

# ON THE LAKE

AND OTHER POEMS

ELIZABETH REYNOLDS

BOSTON
THE GORHAM PRESS
1915

Copyright, 1915, by Elizabeth Reynolds

All Rights Reserved

*I am indebted to the courtesy of the publishers of The New England Magazine, The Churchman, The Overland Monthly, The Advance, The Metaphysical Magazine, Munsey's Magazine, and Everybody's; also to the music publishers, Wm. A. Pond, N. Y., Brainard, N. Y., Witmork, N. Y., The John Church Co., Cincinnati, Clayton F. Summy, Chicago, The Gamble Hinghed Music Co., Chicago, Theo. Presser, Philadelphia, White-Smith, Boston, and G. Schirmer, N. Y., for permission to use the words of which they own the copyright.*

*The frontispiece is a reproduction of a portrait by Victor Georg, owner of the copyright.*

THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

*Little cloud, passing breeze*
*And nightingale are done.*
*I wonder if thought speeding*
*Can reach the distant one?*
*Know you then, know you then*
*You are not alone,—*
*From my heart, from my heart*
*Wingéd thoughts have flown.*

## CONTENTS


| | Page |
|---|---|
| On the Lake. | |
| I. *Proem* | 11 |
| *II. Storm* | 11 |
| *III. Mist* | 12 |
| *IV. On the Sands* | 12 |
| *V. White-Crested Wave* | 13 |
| *VI. The Lake's Song to the Soul* | 14 |
| *VII. The Sea Wall* | 15 |
| *VIII. Moonglade* | 15 |
| *IX. Postlude* | 16 |
| Love's Rhapsody | 17 |
| Brotherhood | 18 |
| To Mary | 19 |
| Song: And Yet | 21 |
| Love-In-Idleness | 22 |
| Love Forgot | 23 |
| Snow Flowers | 24 |
| The Passion Flower | 25 |
| Why do I Love You, Dearest | 26 |
| Song: 'Tis May | 27 |
| Song: "One Gave Me a Rose at Parting" | 28 |
| Inheritance | 29 |
| The Birds Beside the Fountain | 30 |
| The Dandelion | 31 |
| The Meaning of the Song | 32 |
| Cobwebs: A Fantasy | 33 |
| Springtime | 35 |
| Love's Sorrow | 36 |
| Song Cycle: In the Wood. | |
| *I. Through Shadowy Paths* | 37 |
| *II. In the Tree-Tops High* | 38 |

CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| *III. A Tangled Glade* | 38 |
| *IV. Blue Bells on Slender Stem* | 39 |
| *V. "Within the Stillness of the Wood"* | 40 |
| *VI. The Cave* | 40 |
| *VII. "My Soul Cries Aloud to the Forest"* | 41 |
| My Talisman | 42 |
| Love's Rondelay | 43 |
| Lines to a Nun | 44 |
| "Thou'lt Not Forget!" | 45 |
| When You're Away | 46 |
| Sonnet | 47 |
| Blue Bells on the Rocks | 48 |
| You | 49 |
| Song Cycle: Memory | 50 |
| A Norseman's Song | 54 |
| To-Day | 55 |
| The Cry | 56 |
| A Quiet World | 57 |
| After the Rain | 58 |
| One Glance | 59 |
| "'Tis Love Taps at the Window" | 60 |
| The Voice of Spring | 61 |
| Protestation | 62 |
| Rain in Summer | 63 |
| Silence | 64 |
| A Season's Cycle of Song. | |
| *I. Spring* | 65 |
| *II. Summer* | 66 |
| *III. Autumn* | 67 |
| *IV. Winter* | 68 |
| "You Sing to the World of a Summer Time". | 69 |
| "I know a Garden Fair" | 70 |
| Ballad | 71 |
| A Peaceful Heart | 72 |
| Hidden Springs | 73 |

CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| "When Summer Skies are Blue" | 74 |
| Love's Gifts | 75 |
| Love's Necklace | 76 |
| Sunset | 77 |
| The Dream—Arabian Serenade | 78 |
| A Merry Little Song | 80 |
| Man's Easter | 81 |
| Sonnet to Keats | 82 |
| Song of the Wind | 83 |
| Song of the Waters | 84 |
| Song of the Cold | 85 |
| Song of the Fire | 86 |
| Song of the Sunlight | 87 |
| Song of the Rain | 88 |
| Song of the Twilight | 89 |
| A Christmas Silhouette | 90 |
| To a Russian Dancer | 91 |
| A Summer Story | 92 |
| The World and Sorrow | 94 |
| "Blush Redder, Reddest Rose" | 95 |
| A Bruiséd Heart | 96 |
| The World and Death | 97 |
| The Cotton-Wood Trees | 98 |
| 'Neath the Stars | 99 |
| The Poet's Thought | 100 |
| In Sheltered Nook | 101 |
| Within the Manor Garden | 102 |
| My Place | 114 |
| "Your Eyes" | 115 |
| "If this Be Parting" | 116 |
| The Last Glance | 117 |
| The Secret | 118 |
| Tiger Lilies | 119 |
| Love's Captive | 120 |
| When Love is Young | 121 |

CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Indian Summer | 123 |
| The Bashful Lover | 124 |
| Love's Night | 125 |
| Thanksgiving | 126 |
| The Stay at Home | 127 |
| A Valentine | 129 |
| Under the Lilacs | 131 |
| "Why, O Little Flowret?" | 132 |
| Two Visions | 134 |
| God's Promises | 135 |
| "Lovely Weather" | 136 |
| Futurity | 137 |
| Love's Silence | 138 |
| "Since You Are Gone" | 139 |
| "I Wonder" | 140 |
| De Profundis | 142 |

# ON THE LAKE

## ON THE LAKE

*Song Cycle*

### I

PROEM

On the shore of the lake where I stand
  All the world seems afar;
And my soul
Is engulfed in the rush and the roar of the waves
  Comes a song o'er the deep to the land,
While low under-tones roll,
And the dash of the waves as they beat
  All my fancy enslaves
Shutting out other sounds
Save the sea in its inland embrace.

### II

STORM

Mid lightning's fierce flash
And thunders roll
Majestic in its wrath
The storm-cloud breaks.
Storm-tossed on trackless path
Waves now in fury dash,
And hope forsakes
My trembling soul
That cries on seething lake
In blackest night;
"O depth! O pitiless abyss!
  Abate thy might!"

## III

### MIST

Cold clouds of rain
  Enwrap the ashen lake
As in a pall,
  And grey a pallid mist
The far horizon veils.
  I seek in vain
To pierce the gloom
  That like a vaporous wall
From lake to sky uplifts
  And shuts far distant sails from longing eyes.
Grey gloom of pallid mist
  And ashen skies.
Far up the wet, cold, sandy beach I gaze—
  Though all seems blotted out from fear-strained
      eyes
Save drift-wood floating past from water-ways
  Of ships dismantled in the distant night.
Yet here, belovéd one, as swallows free
  Cleave e'en the ashen cloud to seek the light—
My thoughts, where-e'er thou art, still turn to thee.

## IV

### ON THE SANDS

  Heavy storms! they have beaten and raged
  'Till my soul, worn and spent, prostrate falls
  On the bare sands of life.
Beaten and baffled and bruised
    A battle is waged—
    A conflict, a strife,
  Still my soul loudly calls
  Mid the roar of the storm for relief.

Beaten, and baffled and bruised
All is vain.
On the lake rival fleets madly cruised
A safe harbor to gain.
Beaten and baffled and bruised
From the bed of the lake, mad with grief,
Swept from life by a passion of pain,
Floats a specter to haunt me, to daunt me,—
An out-cast—storm-swept and alone.
Beaten and baffled and bruised
On the bare sands of life
My soul prostrate lies
'Till the waves lulling soft solace speak
Ere grey dawn lights the skies.

## V

### WHITE-CRESTED WAVE

White-crested wave
You laugh in rippling glee
As o'er the lake so blue
You swiftly play.
White-crested wave
Your song breaks tenderly
And to me whispers sweet
Love's happy lay:—
"My love, I come to thee
Though lake and foaming sea
Our life divide.
Hide not thine eyes so blue,—
In them love's language true
Speaks, and binds thee to me
What e'er betide."

White-crested wave
  Your ripples curve and break
    As up the beach in play
      You swiftly run.
White-crested wave
  Your song rings tenderly
    And to me whispers sweet
      Love's happy lay:—
"My love, I come to thee
  Though lake and foaming sea
    Our life divide.
Hide not thine eyes so blue,—
  In them love's language true
    Speaks, and binds thee to me
      Whate'er betide."

## VI

### THE LAKE'S SONG TO THE SOUL

Be brave, O soul!
  What though the storm-blasts blow?—
The waves of time must beat
  And dash and break;
Must come the storm;
  And shipwreck dark and drear;
And like a curtain black
  The mist obscure the sun;
But God doth hold
  Within His mighty hand
Thy trembling soul,
  And rest comes after toil—
Peace after storm.

## VII

### THE SEA WALL

Grey in the sunshine glowing
To-day the sea wall stands;
The spray its fine foam throwing
Breaks in prismatic strands.

Flit from far fields a-lying
In stiff, harsh stubble bare
Swift swallows circling, vying,
Adrift in ambient air.

Soft sea-gulls white are floating
Toss'd on the rippling main;
And wafts the lark's sweet throating
Aloft Heav'n's gate to gain.

White sails are scudding—speeding
O'er bright waves lightly stirred,
From sight of shore receeding
In flight like wingéd bird.

Now boom the waters breaking
In slow soft cadence sweet,
And low its song awaking
Love's sorrow still repeat.

## VIII

### MOONGLADE

A path of shimm'ring light—
A moonlit lake serene—
A world of fancies bright
In love-lit, golden sheen.

'Neath sil'vry sails yon boat
So softly, swiftly flies—
A wingéd bird a-float
To shores of Paradise.

In moonlit, halcyon shade
A sky, a lake of dreams:
A gliding, glist'ning glade
Yon burnished pathway gleams.

The glist'ning golden way,
Belov'd one, leads to thee
In fancy's happy play
O'er lake and shimm'ring sea.

## IX

### POSTLUDE

From the shore of the lake must I turn
To the world and its strife:
And the grey, pallid mist
Softly veils all the lake and the sky;
And forgot is the dash of the waves
That my fancy enslaves
For the world and its din drowns the song
That the undertone sings:
And forgot is the mist and the lake and the sky
And the waves that sing on—
That sing on though the world listens not.

---

**Set to music by*
*Mr. Rudolph Ganz.*

## LOVE'S RHAPSODY

What is the magic power
  That stills my soul's unrest?
Only one presence near
  And all the world is blest;
Only thy voice, belov'd,
  To speak my name
And all the world illum'd
  By love's pure flame.

What is the magic power
  That binds my heart to thine?
Only thy hand, close-clasp'd
  And all the world is mine;
Only thy glance, belov'd,
  To meet my own
And all the world forgot
  In love's fair zone.

## BROTHERHOOD

TO E. S.

Afar, in lonely spot or crowded mart,
Some noble deed is done, some thought expressed
That thrills with rapture sweet each noble heart,
And shows to each his own ideal confessed.

Alas! when some poor wretch, by want oppressed
Seems by his evil deeds to stand apart
From all mankind,—when tried doth thou not start
To find his thoughts re-echoed in thy breast?

One human family all the whole world 'round.
We do not live alone, but all are bound
By ties the closest though unrecognized:

Whispers within the heart a voice to each;—
"I claim thee Brother by those thoughts that reach
To depths within my soul ne'er realized!"

## TO MARY

*Song*

Flowers there be
Swaying so merrily,
Gaily in sunshine
Blooming so sweet;
Lily-bells white,
Lily-bells blue,
Tenderly all
Singing of you,
Singing of you,
My Mary.

Lovers there be
Courting thee merrily,
Gaily in laughter
Passing the day;
Sing thee in song,
Toast thee in wine
Tenderly all
Rapture divine
Feeling for you,
My Mary.

Sweethearts there be
Singing all merrily,
Gaily in sunshine
Passing the day;
Be the hours black—
Be the hours gay—
I to thy heart
Earnestly pray,
Pray for thy love,
My Mary.

*By permission. Copyrighted 1907 by G. Schirmer.*

Answer me, sweet,
Smiling so tenderly;
Bid me in sunshine,
Bid me in rain
Come to thy call—
List to thy sigh—
Tenderly then
Let me be nigh,
Nigh to thy heart,
My Mary.

## AND YET

*To Rena*

*Song*

Deep flows the quiet sea
And yet—and yet—
Storm blasts have wildly blown
And madly dashed the wave
Before the sobbing sea
Hath quiet grown—
Before the lulling waves
The storm-strewn beach soft lave
And yet—and yet!

Calm seems thy silent heart
And yet—and yet—
Storm-spent and quiet grown
(Once passion-tossed thy heart
Beat on tempestously)
A thing of stone
Seems now thy silent heart
From storm and stress apart,
And yet—and yet!

## LOVE-IN-IDLENESS

Butterflies airy and bright
'Neath mid-summer skies aglow,
Your wings all purple and gold and green
Have caught the damask of silken sheen:
Circling and flitting from flower to flower—
("Love-in-a-mist" decks my lady's bower)—
With mid-summer's day away you soar,
And the rose may sigh, and the lily weep
For the love you bore, and the tryst to keep,
For fled are the butterflies airy and bright
'Neath mid-summer skies aglow.

## LOVE FORGOT

O ice, and snow, and sleet,
You freeze, you chill, you beat!
I bend my head at last
Defenceless to the blast;
And cuts the wind so bleak
My brow and tingling cheek,
While Winter's cruel clasp
Enfolds in icy grasp;
And cold the blinding snow
Through which I falt'ring go,—
But not so cold—so drear,
O world, as love forgot!

## SNOW FLOWERS

Where once were flowers gay
  Now lies the snow;
The skies o'er-head are gray—
  Cold winds do blow;
Across the trellised way
  Hang wreaths of white
As if in merry play
  The snow with light,
Soft touches mocked the May,
  And on each stem
As 'twere white roses lay.

## THE PASSION FLOWER

*To J. R.*

Pale, purpled passion flower,
You bloomed in death's dark hour.
Death held the cup to th' brim
Fill'd full of sorrow grim;
And when I trembling quaff'd
To the dregs the bitter draught
Your petal'd disc gleam'd pale
Like stars in th' heav'nly vale,
And bade me bear my cross
Of sorrow and of loss.

Pale flow'r, empurpled bloom,
Shine on to light the gloom
Of death's dark hour.

## "WHY DO I LOVE YOU, DEAREST?"

Why do I love you, dearest?
As well ask honey-bee
Why buttercups a-glowing
Tempt him to seek the lea.

Why do I love you, dearest?—
My heart is like a well
Your glance like pebble dropping
Sinks in its depths to dwell.

Why do I love you, dearest?—
Soft sing yon nightingales,—
Your voice to me is music
That soft my heart assails

Why do I love you, dearest,
When loving is such pain?
Yet all the world's best treasures
I'd give your love to gain.

Why do I love you, dearest?
Ask you yon brooklet small
Why laughing through the meadows
It hears the sea's low call.

## 'TIS MAY

*Song*

Why to-day
Sunshine bright
Doth with me stay
I cannot, dare not say;
Nor confess
Save to one—
My happiness;
The secret sweet
Her heart shall greet
And—'tis May!

## "ONE GAVE ME A ROSE AT PARTING"

*Song*

One gave me a rose at parting,
And softly her red lips smiled:
And one with eyes of violet
Sweetly my heart beguiled:
But one no rose nor violet—
Nor glance nor smile to stay,
Yet cold in my hand at parting
Her trembling fingers lay.

## INHERITANCE

### (*To My Father*)

Poor, struggling youth, who gladly toils alone
To win and hold the key to knowledge dear!
Humbly he knocks at Wisdom's gates of stone
That open not till on their sides appear,
Carved by his hands, two rugged figures clear
Of Industry and Patience fully grown:
And when at last admitted to be shown
The glories of the inner court, the fear
Of falling back from vantage gained lends strength
To struggle bravely always; and, at length,
When all life's tasks are done, he leaves his heirs
This best inheritance—the impulse strong
That leads them onward, though the way be long,
Knowing all lists are free to him that dares.

## THE BIRDS BESIDE THE FOUNTAIN

The birds beside the fountain
In mid-day heat find rest;
I, too, though languid, listless,
Seek there a solace blest.

Far out the lofty mountains
Lift snow-capped turrets high;
Down, down through pleasant valleys
Cool waters ripple by.

In perfumed shade I linger;
The birds with folded wings
List to the water falling,
And catch the song it sings.

Twitt'ring, their little bodies
They lave in falling spray,
Then far o'er leafy covert
Singing they fly away.

And I, my tasks resuming—
Still hear the fountain play—
Still breathe the perfumed silence
Though years have passed away.

## THE DANDELION

Golden the dandelion—Miser, for shame!
Spread out for bee or worm—all hoards the same.

No use in copying it—golden disk spread—
Lightly it nods and sways in its green bed.

Bluebirds are carolling high overhead
Robins strut saucily—(So the worm said.)

Bumble-bees greedily swarm from the clover—
Clumsily—golden floors tempting the rover.

Far from the toil and fret—fair carpet spread—
As in a fairy dream—would you be led?

Then come—the skies are blue. Throw yourself down:
Golden the dandelion as a king's crown;

And the green carpet spread bears you to-day
Back to fair childhood dreams—far, far away.

## THE MEANING OF THE SONG

I heard the song-birds' note so full and gay
  Ring through the summer air.
My bitter heart cried out, "Ah well—a—day!
  The birds know not a care;
They sing because the air is warm and sweet
  With woodland perfumes rare;
Nor give a thought to life so incomplete!"

'Till at my feet I 'spied the gentle mate
  By cruel hunter slain.
The bird upon the tree bewails her fate,—
  To me now sad the strain!
It whispers to my heart, "Doth thou not know
  The lesson taught by pain?
"Life's sweetest songs oft rise from bitter woe."

## COBWEBS

*A Fantasy*

Unseen the spider weaves
A filmy, fleecy thread
That floats—a swaying rope—
When summer days are dead
And autumn's golden sheaves
Are gathered in.

Then trooping o'er the fields
At night come fairies bright,
And on the filmy rope
That floats in pale moonlight
They dance fantastic reels
With rout and din.

Or else in sportive glee
Some elfish, tricksy sprite
Deserts the swaying rope
To chase the fire-flies bright,
Or wake the drowsy bee
Ere day begin.

Some sip from chalice brink
The trembling dew-drops sweet,
While floats the filmy rope
The moon-flowers white they greet
With icy kiss, and drink
Their fragrance in.

Their kiss—an icy mist—
They leave on flower and vine;
That, and the rope that floats—
A filmy, fleecy line—
Alone remains I wist
Where fay had been.

When summer days are dead
In morning's early light
Still floats the swaying rope,
But fairies of the night
Long since have dancing fled
With rout and din.

## SPRINGTIME

O springtime's night so sweet!
We walked in bliss complete;
No word between us passed,
Yet beat my heart so fast
I feared the list'ning trees
Would tell it to the breeze,
And trembled near you, sweet.

O springtime's night of love!
A bird-song high above
Trilled soft. I knew the strain
But echoed love's refrain
That made his song a part
Of rapture from my heart—
And feared you heard, O love!

O springtime's night so still!
The silence seems to thrill,
My trembling fingers clasp
Your arm in timid grasp,
Yet quick my pulses throb—
My breath a quiv'ring sob—
And night, spring's night, so still!

O springtime's night of bliss!
Upon my lips your kiss,
Though only evening's calm
Caressed me with its balm;
Unspoken, too, your word
Yet all my being stirred—
O night, love's night of bliss!

## LOVE'S SORROW

Heard I last night the saddest word; "Farewell!"
Seems now the desert world a dreary waste;
The lagging hours no longer quickly haste;
In sleep still beats the dreary, passing knell;—
"Farewell, belovéd one, to you farewell!"

And filled with sorrow's rue my waking hours,
For seems my trembling heart a brimming glass—
One added drop the goblet's rim must pass—
A word—a thought of you my heart o'er-pow'rs,
And fall my silent tears in sudden show'rs.

## SONG CYCLE—IN THE WOOD

(*To May Winter Keane*)

### I

#### THROUGH SHADOWY PATHS

The wood so beautiful, so calm, so still
Invites retreat within its shadowy paths
That lead to solitude.
The distant world
But mocks with clamor harsh and stern and cold
The bitter cry of lonliness and grief
That each heart knows.
Here from the world I fly
To solace seek mid lofty trees and boughs
Uplifted to the skies.
Tall tow'r the trees—
Grim sentinels of Time—here when vain man
So soon hath sighed his weary life away!

The distant waters of the limpid lake
Gleam softly, silvery bright when winding ways
Through wood and tangled glade lead to the shore.

I listen for a voice I would forget,—
Only the leaves a-whispering hear my sigh.
Here naught remains but nature's comforting
That comes a breath from some forgotten day
To soothe with gentle ministry divine
Her tired child.

## II

### IN THE TREE-TOPS HIGH

In the tree-tops high
  A voice I hear—
'Tis the wind all-a-sigh
  Now soft—now clear:
And the wind sings soft
  A song now sad—
And the wind sings clear
  A song all glad;
But sad or glad
  All the branches stir—
A-tremble the leaves
  In the moon-lit air.
What sings the voice
  In the tree-tops high?
To my heart the voice
  Is a deathless cry
Singing of love
  And a last good-bye.

## III

### A TANGLED GLADE

A tangled glade—
A summer sky all blue—
Tall birches gleaming white
And I with you
A-dreaming.
Fair float soft, fleecy clouds
Across the blue,
And gay the summer flowers

Of fairest hue—
And I with you
A-dreaming.

A tangled glade—
Tall gleam the birches white,
And black the sky o'er-cast—
Fast comes the night;
And sighing
The sombre forest beckons with its shade
And crying
The night-bird calls: "Farewell,
The day is dying!"
And I for you
Am sighing.

## IV

### BLUE-BELLS ON SLENDER STEM

Blue-bells on slender stem,
Could you but know
Deep, deep the joy a-glow
Your beauty brings:
I see a sky all blue—
I know a heart that's true.
Blue-bells his face I see
As lifts he tenderly
Your little flower.

Blue-bells on slender stem,
Did you that day
Trembling—your bells a-sway—
Whisper my name?
Deep, deep are eyes of grey—
Smiles in their shadows play.

Blue-bells, wilt bid him haste?—
Love chides a moment's waste—
Speed fast the hour!

## V

### "WITHIN THE STILLNESS OF THE WOOD"

Within the stillness of the wood
Alone and sad I wander:
I stooping pick a little flower—
Still sad the thought I ponder:
Sweet little flower—
Soon left to fade—
Why cull'd from soft earth growing?
This little song
My sad heart sings
Wilt greet his heart unknowing?

## VI

### THE CAVE

Green things—mosses and ferns—
Hid in the shadowy softness of a cave.
Here sunshine enters not, but stillness rests
Like dreamless sleep.

The distant waters of the limpid lake
Sound softly lapping on their pebbly beach.

Up through the tree-tops high gleam soft the blue
Of summer sky.

Seek, soul, thy respite from the strife of life,
And buried in the cavern's soft retreat
Find peace.

## VII

### "MY SOUL CRIES ALOUD TO THE FOREST"

My soul cries aloud to the forest;—
"Give me thine aid to-day.
I have no strength to battle—
I have no heart to pray.
Hold me within thy stillness;
Hide me beneath thy shade."
Then calm comes thy voice, O forest;—
"Soul, be thou unafraid!"

My soul cries aloud to the forest;—
"Tall tower thy trees-trunks high.
I gaze at the sky above them—
I list to the winds' low sigh.
Peace is within thy stillness—
Rest in thy leafy shade:
I'll gird me with strength for the battle—
Life! I am unafraid!"

---

**Set to music by*
*Mr. Edwin Schneider.*

## MY TALISMAN

I carry in my heart a talisman—
  A token—simple—true;
You need not ask to see it—what it is—
  It is not known to you.
It is not like a jewel that you wear
  For other men to see,—
I wear my talisman within my heart—
  'Tis only known to me.

I carry in my heart the talisman
  Of faith that never grieves;
I do not need to make excuse—she knows—
  Or knowing not—believes:
I carry every place I go her love—
  Not love you boast so fair—
The love I carry in my heart
  Would e'en my burdens bear.

I carry in my heart her talisman—
  A gift not known to Kings—
And make her glad as any Queen
  With simple little things.
I keep my talisman to use—to wear—
  It only stronger grows,
And brightly shines in storm and wind—
  In cloudy days—or fair.

I carry in my heart a look of trust—
  A glance from honest eyes—
You need not smile to ask if lovely face
  Beguiled—or what the guise.
The talisman I keep so close concealed
  Is sweet as any flower,
And gently blooming sheds its soft perfume
  To light my darkest hour.

## LOVE'S RONDELAY

A whisper in the air,—
A bird-song trilling sweet;
"Love" pulsing everywhere—
Spring's melody complete.
"Love" sighs the southern breeze—
Pale roses blushing bend,
High branches of the trees
A swaying chorus lend,
Then listen, love, my heart sings rondelay,
And "Love me, love me, sweet," I fondly pray.

## LINES TO A NUN

What storm of piercing wind that blindly beat
  Tempestously on thy frail barque of life
Caused thee to shelter seek in cloister cell?
  Thine eyes so grey gaze sadly into mine;—
Ah, read not there, fair saint, my barque adrift
  Floats refugeless forever down life's stream!

## "THOU'LT NOT FORGET"

There are some sounds so sweet
  (Ah, maiden fair!)
That mind and heart attuned
  To strains so rare,
So rapturous, ever greet
  As discords harsh all other sounds.
Some days there were so bright
  (Thou'lt not forget!)
That dark years are illumed,
  While shineth yet
The radiance of a light
  That glows while blackest shade surrounds.

## WHEN YOU'RE AWAY

When you're away I think of all the morrows
That empty pass without your presence dear—
The long, long day—untold its joy or sorrows
For like a blurréd glass
Shine dim the hours that pass
When you're away.

When you're away—night still sad vigil keeping—
"God hold you in His care when far or near!"
I softly pray.
Feel you my heart up-leaping
At thought of one day passed
That brings you back at last—
When you're away.

## SONNET

(*On a fern leaf from Virgil's summer house at Gaeta, on the Italian coast.*)

This fern-leaf green I plucked, dear friend, for thee.
Here where the bees hum drowsily, and blue
The summer sky as Virgil saw its hue;
And yonder still are kine upon the lea
That graze in mild content. Dear heart, canst be
Two thousand years are almost fled since grew
The parent-root of this I send to you?
Gaeta fair, did Virgil by the sea
Behold (as I, my love) one face alone?
Pensive always, and sad, he seemed, 'tis said—
Alas! mayhaps he too heard oceans moan
Twixt him and happiness! 'Twas here he read
In accents low of Dido's bitter groan
That echoed is today though years are fled.

## BLUE-BELLS ON THE ROCKS

Miracle of beauty gleaming—
Sky and lake and woodland teeming
All with beauties stern or tender—
Yours the rarest, sweetest splendour:

Soft the sky, and blue its doming—
Little clouds like pigeons homing
Floating, sailing in the azure—
Tiny flocks of snowy pleasure:

Than the skies above blue glowing
Deeper tints the blue-bell's showing:
From the rock's cold bosom flinging
See the slender flowrets springing!

Shines the lake in mid-day colour—
Starry blue-bells make it duller;
And the laughing spray up-reaches
Toward the rock where beauty teaches

From the tiny blue-bells swaying,
More than some folk at their praying—
Blooming—swaying—of God telling—
E'en the sternest rock's His dwelling.

## YOU

I banished ev'ry thought of you—
Your name not e'en my sad heart sighed—
Would God that all the years lived through
Were done—and I had long since died!

You came—I need but touch your hand—
But hear the old familiar name,
And love resumed its old command—
For you—ah, you were just the same!

My fancied joy is hidden pain—
My freedom but a mocking lie—
And all the strength of years is vain
For you are you until I die!

## MEMORY

*A Song Cycle*

### I

Grey skies and leafless trees—
The drip of falling rain—
A sodden path—a lonely hut—
And—memories.

### II

Bird-notes are hush'd;
No more the wood and hill
Bath'd in the summer light
Of ecstasy;
No more the sun-kiss'd waves
Gleam crested white
To break on summer sands
With hurrying rush
As if some sea-god strong
In haste pursued.
Now dead the summer days
And dead all joys save memory!

### III

O memory! our joy art thou and pain.
Thou with thy anguish'd touch doth ope to us
Those portals once so fair of life and love—
Life's treasure house where riches rare are stor'd
Nor vanish at the touch of Time's remorseless hand.

## IV

Life thou art fair
Thou art young 'thou art free!
Take me, O life
Bind my sad heart to thee;
Back roll the days,
O fair days of desire,
When together we roamed
Touched by love's magic fire.
Life, thou wert fair
Thou wert young, thou wert free,
In the garden of life
Now blooms pale Memory.

## V

A stretch of burning sand, with here and there
The drooping branches of some towering tree
That stands grim sentinel 'twixt land and sea;
The naked pier juts sharp into the waves
And high the sea-gulls white with piercing cry
Up-dart into the azure sky serene,
Then sink far out to float on amber wave,
And shrill and clear the children's voices ring
In happy play a-building castles fair
Upon the shifting sands.

## VI

Life thou art fair—
Thou art sweet as the day.
Come to me—haste to me—
Make no delay.
Life thou art fair
Ere the grey skies appear,
Ere the rains break and beat
On a heart desolate.

## VII

What mocks the garish light of summer day?
Still white the sands outstretch to meet the waves;

Still float the sound of careless, happy mirth,
But twixt thy heart and mine,
My best belov'd,
A shadow deep obscures the light of day.

Now through the leaves, faint stirring, of the trees
A sigh that breaks my heart alone is heard;
And o'er the wide expanse of empty wave
No vision fair
Arises from the gloom of solitude.

## VIII

What mocks the garish light but solitude?
Where once my love and I had happ'ly roved
Now stretches bleak and cold the empty sand,

And pale the light that rests on sea and wave,
And cold the silences of solitude.

## IX

Could I in crowded streets
Or ways remote
Again in happy comradeship but walk
With one I love
Then cold the wind might blow—
The rains in fury beat—
But I content
Could feel one presence near
No longer desolate.

---

**Set to Music by Mr. E. R. Kroeyer.*

*By permission. Copyrighted 1906 by the Wa-Wa Press. Copyright assigned 1912 to G. Schirmer.*

## A NORSEMAN'S SONG

*(To C. A.)*

Hearest thou the wind of the north
  Resistless compelling?
A storm-god rushes it forth
  Triumphantly swelling
Loud pæans of victory's might—
  Terrific soul-quelling—
Tumultously speeding its flight.

Bearest thou, O wind in thy flight
  So joyously fleeting,
A message to her who this night
  Love's vigil is keeping;
Compel her to hear in each blast
  Subduing, entreating,
My name as her conqueror cast.

Say to her: "Heart of my own
  So shyly confiding,
My love as resistless has grown,
  Forever abiding.
Tell her, O wind in thy flight:—
  "Whatever betiding
I claim thee, and send thee my plight!"

Speedest thou, O wind on thy way
  O'erpowering, commanding;
Tell her 'tis vain to delay
  My passion withstanding.
Tell her, O wind in thy might,
  Surrender demanding:—
"Love claims thee, and sends thee his plight!"

## TO-DAY

For me the air is sweet
As draught of purest wine;
No cloud is in the sky;
The lark that soars on high
With rapid pinions fleet
In ecstacy sublime
Sings to my happy heart:—
"To-day, to-day is thine,—
This day all days apart
Rapture divine!"

Sing happy lark to-day!
We roam, my love and I
Across the meadows fair,
Nor fear to-morrow's care
While sings the lark so gay
Far in yon summer sky—
Sings to my happy heart:—
"To-day, to-day is thine,—
This day all days apart
Rapture divine!"

## THE CRY

Lord Jesu—God of them that weep and mourn,—
See'st Thou, in this vast city full Thy child?
Black belches forth thick clouds of stifling smoke
From fact'ry chimneys tall.
Yet not so black
As that thick cloud of doubt that whelmeth me.
I seem so small—so insignificant
In Thy vast scheme of things.
Like sprawling ants
Seem armies of the poor—The children pale
Who look with hollow eyes into mine own.
Carest Thou, O God, for these and such as me?
Sometimes a voice—Thy Voice perchance may be—
Seems low to comfort me. Sometimes Thy Hand
I seem to grasp—My Brother Thou!
But soon toil seems to drown my soul in pain.
I cry to Thee: "Leave me not comfortless
Forsake me not!"

## A QUIET WORLD

A quiet world about me,—
No sound of bitter strife;
What mocks the empty silence—
What haunts the empty life?
A sound of bitter weeping—
A voice of sharp despair
That fills the empty silence,
And blots the day so fair.

A quiet world about me,—
Green leaves the trees now bear;
Why sway their boughs fantastic—
Why sigh the breezes there?
A sound of bitter weeping—
A voice of sharp despair
Still mocks the empty silence,
Still haunts the day so fair.

A quiet world about me,—
A world of outward peace,
But storms still haunt the silence
And rage without surcease;
A sound of bitter weeping,
A voice of sharp despair
Still fills the dreary silence,—
Still mocks the day so fair.

## AFTER THE RAIN

The leaves so green on tree-tops swaying;
  The waving fields of golden grain;
The rippling lake in sunshine playing;
  Ecstatic notes, the birds refrain,
Lift from the weary heart
  Life's burden and death's smart
After the rain,
  After the rain.

O heart bereaved by care and sorrow!
  O life weighed down by toil and pain!
Look up! faint not! in God's tomorrow
  Thy tears that fall like summer rain
Shall shine as jewels bright
  Reflecting God's own light
After the rain,
  After the rain.

## ONE GLANCE

Chiding my foolish heart to-day I said:
"Men were deceivers ever!
Guard well the citadel within my breast—
Its chains let not Love sever!"
But, ah! one glance alone did Love bestow,
Despite my best endeavor,
My foolish heart itself undid the chains
To let Love in forever.

---

*Set to music by Rose M. Eversole.*

## "'TIS LOVE TAPS AT THE WINDOW"

'Tis Love taps at the window;—
"Open to me!" he cries;
"My wings droop—I am weary;—
"Scorn not Love's anxious sighs;
'Tis Love pleads at thy window
"To rest his weary heart
"This simple boon Love asks for—
"Ah! bid him not depart!"

When Love flits from the window
He leaves the maid his heart;
But rest, for which Love sueth,
Sweet rest and peace depart.
When Love taps at thy window
Ah, maiden, say him nay,
Lest through the opened casement
Love steal thy heart away.

## THE VOICE OF SPRING

Out of the night and out of the storm
Came a voice so tender and sweet;
The dawn was breaking in roseate light
And fair shone the cliffs with a radiance bright
As the sun-kissed stones gleamed in dazzling white,
And blue overhead was the sky serene
Save floating a cloud like a bird was seen,
And the Voice was the voice of the spring, I ween—
Singing in accents so low and sweet:
"The storm and the cold and the night are sped,
And the spring—it is come! Rejoice!" it said.

Out of the night and out of the storm
Came a Hope so tender and sweet;
My heart its langour no longer kept,
But woke with the spring, and to gladness leapt;
No longer it cold in my bosom slept;
For blue overhead are the skies serene;
Each bird on his breast shows a brighter gleam,
And the Voice of the spring sings of Hope, I ween—
Singing in accents so low and sweet:—
"The storm and the cold and the night are sped—
And the spring—it is come! Rejoice!" it said.

## PROTESTATION

Know you, O dearest one, the haunting fear,—
The poison in the sweetest cup that love holds near?

Know you the cloud that dims the brightest day?
'Tis this "All things must change! Can love then
last alway?"

Came one when in your heart love's sun had set—
And coming said: "O dearest one, you must for-
get!"

There is no draught in Lethe's deadening spring
That should I madly quaff forgetfulness could
bring!

## RAIN IN SUMMER

A gust of whirling rain—
  A bird's sharp cry—
A fiery blade of light
  From riven sky;
Proud cedars standing tall
  Bend low and cower
As beats the sudden rain
  In summer shower.

## SILENCE

Love, you have put me far outside your life,
And I am like a soul lost—cold and dead;
No more I look nor care if over-head.
The skies be dull or bright. An inward strife
Torments me, and my surging brain is rife
With old remembrances of perfume shed
In show'rs of April sweetness—quickly sped,
Till now chill Autumn cuts with icy knife.

I often think, O love, could you but spare
One little word—a thought—it would take wing
And bid my fainting soul its burden bear;
Instead my sick heart cries: "Death hath no sting
Like silence!" and the empty hours now glare
With dull, set gaze such as to dead eyes cling.

## A SEASON'S CYCLE OF SONG

(*To Miriam*)

### SPRING

Dost hear the robin's call
So sharp, imperative,
Startling the morning air?
Hast seen the vivid hue
Of blue-birds on the wing?
They know the spring is here;

Calling, choosing a mate,
Winter's dark days are o'er.
Up to the fleecy clouds
In happy flight they soar.

Dost hear, O little maid,
Love's call, imperative,
Startling thy spring-time fair?
Dost see the lightning flash
Of eyes that gaze in thine
To tell thee "Love is here!"

Calling, singing to thee;
"Winter's dark days are o'er.
Come, love, come thou to me
And leave me never more!"

I

Summer, summer, haste not!
'Tis only now is life's full tide,
'Tis now the bud hath opened wide,
And roses red in regal sway
As summer Queens all gaily play,
They bow and bend, and lightly dance—
On ev'ry stem a lover's lance.

II

Summer, summer, haste not!
Filled sweet the air with bird notes clear,
And life is joy and love is near:
Steeped all the soul in radiant bliss
While rapture lies in lover's kiss—
A fair face droops in yonder bower
And softly bends like fragile flower.

III

Summer, summer, haste not!
The tangled grass-blades softly hold
Love's lagging footsteps, and enfold
With tender touch her dress's hem
Who, like a rose on slender stem,
Sways sweet her lover's kiss to seek
While blooms a rose on either cheek.

IV

Summer, summer, haste not!
A garden sweet this world to-day.
Bid blithsome hours to longer stay.
'Tis golden noon in happy hearts—
Still Love's at play with merry darts,
And lightly bows and gaily bends
In love's fair field where youth attends.
Summer, summer, haste not!

## AUTUMN.

Fair fields abloom with golden rod
And asters' purple hue
Smile soft beneath a cloud-flecked sky
As blue as love's eyes true.
Green sedges on the river's bank
A-tremble soft repeat
The song the sedge-bird sweetly sings
Of love and life complete.

Soon float o'er golden sun's broad disk
Close banks of ashen clouds;
A sudden chill is in the air—
Pale mist the earth enshrouds:
Saint Michael's daisies bloom like stars
Along the grassy way—
May holy angels guard the soul
Of one for whom I pray!

Far in yon leafless tree-top black
A lone bird now is heard—
Piercing and shrill the plaintive note
By which my heart is stirred.
Pale mist like death's cold, chilling hand
Upon my sad heart falls—
Where're thou art, belovéd one,
On thee my sad heart calls.

I

Cold, glist'ning lies the snow in broad-expanse—
A white still world about me ev'rywhere;
In icy sheath the sedges song is stilled
And in my lonely heart breathes cold despair.

II

Still glist'ning, too, the stars seem cold to shine
So far above earth's empty solitude:
Cold—like a phantom shade—move restlessly
Bare boughs where love-birds once so softly wooed.

III

Springtime with love's shy call is far away;
The summer's golden noon as quickly fled;
Above the stars—among God's saints—one waits
And calles me sadly—calls me from the dead:—

IV

"Come, love," the soft, sweet voice is calling still,
"Come, thou, my best belov'd, my earthly mate,
Soon, like a dreamless sleep, time's seasons pass,
Come, love, come thou to me—I sadly wait."

## "YOU SING TO THE WORLD OF A SUMMER-TIME"

*(To J. B. M.)*

You sing to the world of a summer-time,
And the world—be it cold or drear—
Listens and smiles and forgets its fear
Of the biting wind, and the black night near—
Of the winter of snow and sleet:
Again are the skies of a cloudless blue—
Again blooms the rose in its regal hue,
And life—it is summer, and hearts they are true—
And this is the blessed Christmas-tide
When you sing of the summer time.

## "I KNOW A GARDEN FAIR!"

I know a garden fair,—
  There all the summer day
White butterflies so gay
  Float through the ambient air;
There all the lilies rare
  Whisper my secret sweet—
Tell me I soon shall meet
  My own, my lady fair.

Rustle the silver leaves
  Upon the poplar trees;
Sighing so low to me:—
  "Thy lady, waiting, grieves!"
Now o'er the garden fair
  Softly the night-winds blow;
Fire-flies flit to and fro
  Their tiny lamps to bear.

Love needs no fire-flies light,
  Nor whisp'ring leaf to guide,
But roams the world so wide
  Led by hope's star so bright.
Sweet are the lilies rare;
  Fair are the silver leaves—
Dearer to me than these
  My own, my lady fair!

## BALLAD

I have no rose to bring you—
  No wealth nor jewel rare;
I have no song to sing you—
  Nor home to bid you share:

I only love you dearly—
  Love you and claim you mine.
Your glance meets mine sincerely—
  My love you must divine.

I have no song to sing you
  Yet love my heart attunes;
No wealth nor rose to bring you—
  Yet sweet the hope that blooms;

"I love you—love you dearly—
  Love you and claim you mine."
This song my heart sings clearly
  And love makes life divine.

## A PEACEFUL HEART

With pitiless intensity all day
Hot blasts of stifling air sweep through the streets
Where dwell the city's poor.
Each day repeats
For them the life of toil—a dreary way
Uncheered by sight of trees and flowers gay;
E'en heaven's blue's obscured by smoke that leaps
In tortuous clouds from myriad furnace heats.
Yet as in snow-fields blooms the scarlet spray,
So here in humble room, when night descends,
Blooms in a bruiséd heart, whose sorrows cease,
Forgiveness of past wrongs—a flower that lends
Pure sweetness to the soul, and joys increases,
As self its sense of bitter wrong surrends,
And strife within the heart gives way to peace.

## HIDDEN SPRINGS

*To My Mother*

Clouds floating o'er a summer sky
Reflected on the quiet waters lie;
The birds dart from the azure bright
To dip into the silver stream
That tranquil winds through flower-decked meadows green;
From yonder snow-capped mountain height
The waters flow
To streams below.

O thou, who with thy pure, calm face,
Amid our troubled lives so weak, so base,
Thy quiet ways of peace pursue,
Teach us to seek the hidden spring
That with its cooling waters bring
As from the heights to souls so true
Peace and content
From heaven sent.

## "WHEN SUMMER SKIES ARE BLUE"

Think you 'tis hard to laugh when sad the heart?
You're wrong. Do lovers laugh? We know they
sigh
In anguish deep. "Light hearted youth's" a phrase.
In youth are task, injustice, ignorance.
A child knows not what cause he has to laugh;
Not knowing carking care, he know not ease,
But longs for man's estate, and freedom (?) sweet.
We who have known despair can gaily laugh.
What has the world to give—or to withhold?
It sells—it does not give. Wilt break your heart
For some withholden toy as doth a child?
What use when summer skies once more are blue
To waste one hour with thoughts of winter's blast?

## LOVE'S GIFTS

You ask of Love a rose, a song, a smile.
Upon dark tresses soft a rose a-bloom
Doth tempt you fair to pluck it for your own,
Nor, craven, fear to press its petals red
With kisses sweet,—for this the rose doth bloom,
Sweet, bloom for this.

You ask of Love a smile, a rose, a song.
Within dark eyes so soft a smile lies hid
That tempts you oft to win it for your own
Nor, craven, fear to gaze into those eyes
With rapture sweet,—for this Love's smile is born,
Born, sweet, for this.

You ask of Love a song, a rose, a smile.
Within the heart so deep a song is heard
That tells of Love's great mysteries divine;
The smile, the rose but tokens tender be
Of that great song. Speak, heart, unto my heart
In song divine.

## LOVE'S NECKLACE

### THE BEDOUIN SONG

The Bedouin sighs to his mistress;—
"Like pearls my teardrops fall.—
I make thee a necklace to bind thee—
Ah, love, past days re-call!
Then hasten, O light of the morning!
The south wind caresses me,
While sweet to thy heart appealing
Love fondly addresses thee!"

The Bedouin sighs to his mistress;—
"For thy sweet face so fair
A captive lies pensive and grieving
Imprisoned in Love's snare.
Thy face like the light of the morning
Comes to me to haunt me at night;
No dawn has the night of longing
That brings not my soul's delight."

The Bedouin sighs to his mistress;—
"Within mine eye-lids lie
Love's beauties, and sleeping or waiting
My thoughts to thee must fly.
My heart be it quiet or throbbing
Beats only for thee alway,—
Like fire is my love consuming—
Belovéd, turn night to day."

## SUNSET

Sunset—and pink and gold
The evening sky outspread.
The day is drawing to its close—
O day, so quickly sped!

Tender the tint of rose
In opalescence brief.
The spring is pulsing everywhere
In budding spray and leaf.

Sunset—forevermore
Within my heart held dear.
This hour—the evening's benison—
Recalls one presence near.

O days, where'er he be!
O skies, that o'er him bend!
The sunset hour will bring him near—
God's peace his way attend!

## THE DREAM

### ARABIAN SERENADE AND ARIA

*Prelude*:—

O Perie-zadeh, through lattice window
I bid thee waking—thy couch forsaking—
List now my dreaming—the mystic seeming—
While night on golden wing
Flies swiftly by:
A dream that thrilled me—with rapture filled me,
And may the zephyrs soft
Waft sweet replies.

*Aria—The Dream*:

On desert plain the white tents silent lay.
He—my companion—slept, and I alone
Through lifted canvas gazed at star-lit skies.
Afar the desert stretched—the gleaming sands
Seemed in the moon-lit night a silver sea
That lifted—rose and fell—to meet the sky
Like tide of molten metal rioting.
One star — O Perie-zadeh fair — my gaze enthralled.

And while I gazed a dagger bright
Descended swift from out the star through space—
Down, down in rapid flight . . .
The while I moved not yet seemed not to lie
Out on the open plain.
My tent I saw
As 'twere my body with my soul away,— . . .
Down, down the dagger fell and pierced my heart.
I saw the sand beneath me crimson-stained,
And waking knew thy glance (though in my dream
A dagger thrust) transfixed my bleeding heart.

*Postlude*:

O Perie-zadeh, at latticed window
Wilt bid the zephyrs soft
Waft healing balm?
Then desert dreaming is blissful seeming
If night be crowned with love
And heav'nly balm.

## A MERRY LITTLE SONG

A merry little song—
  And one word all it sings:
"Love" and the whole day long
  The lilting measure rings;
"Love" and the little song
  Laughing and rippling on
Flows like a brooklet clear
  To reach her heart so dear,
And bid her love and lose herself in me
  As tiny brooklet lost is in the sea.

## MAN'S EASTER

From out the grave of Self
To nobler life.
God's truth from hidden shame—
His peace from strife:
The stone from harden'd heart
Rolled far away—
His fellowship with Christ
Man's Easter Day.

## SONNET TO KEATS

(*"Sweet Hope! ethereal balm upon me shed,*
*And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head."*
*—Keats.*)

Ah, Keats, the master-poet of thy time!
No need to sigh o'er thy unhappy lot.
In thee burned fast the fires of some far clime
Whose balm ethereal bore thee to that spot
Where silver-pinioned Hope despaireth not,
But led thee quickly to thy destined prime
Ere yet hadst known the dreary heat and grime
Of earthly toil and stain and darksome blot.

Faint voices echoed from celestial spheres
And secrets whispered of the gods to ears
Attun'd like thine to hear. Each whisp'ring wind
The strain repeats: and mystic accents roll
Thy heav'nly diapason to the soul:—
"Lo! beauty is—and those who seek her find."

## SONG OF THE WIND

I am the wind.
I rush in mighty blast
From sea to shore. I come from snow-capped hills—
From mountain tops,—and hot the desert sands
Have felt my breath.
No power can stay my course
Nor curb my fury wild.
Though soft I lull
Some dreaming fancy sweet to fatal rest
Soon like a giant strong I dash in glee
Such mocking hopes to death . . .

I beat and dash the sullen, empty waves
To rise as solid walls of riven iron
That falling crush like empty, fragile shell
The giant ship. . . .

I am the wind, O man, be thou like me—
Triumphant in thy spirit—boundless—free!

## SONG OF THE WATERS

Waters rushing—in ripples breaking—
What forsaking
Whirl your mirrored waves
In madness by?
Dead driftwood's paving
The beach you're laving,
And mocks your plaintive song
Yon sea gull's cry.

Waters rushing—
In vain concealing
But revealing
Whirl your mirrored waves
In madness by.
One song you're singing—
One image bringing,
And mocks your ceaseless song
My heart's low cry.

Waters rushing—in ripples breaking—
Man forsaking
Whirl your empty waves
Nor heed his cry.
Still gayly ringing
Your song is singing
When man and all his hopes
Forgotten lie.

## SONG OF THE COLD

Cold, are you King?—or I? You mock Death's
Power.
A slave—you bid me cower in Winter's grasp.
The blood within my veins your icy touch
Congeals; and soon your slave—deep, drowsy
Sleep—
Will hold my senses in his icy clutch.
Cold you would bid me die. With stiffened eyes
I search the cruel skies—then stagger on
To meet Night's specter Dawn.

Cold, I am not your slave.—Your power I brave.
Again the hot blood courses through my veins
For Dawn advancing heralds forth the Day:
The cold Night waxing, wanes before his might,
And I am saved.

## SONG OF THE FIRE

See the fire in flames fantastic leaping—
Demon-like—devouring—scorching—whirling
Helpless tons of stone—of hammered metals—
Sweeping in its fury all before him!
Curling—licking—seething—circling—winding!

Oh! the fire enthralls me, and I worship
Blindly! See it leaping straight toward heaven!
Hear the crackling swirl of flames ascending!
Hear the hiss of steam—derisive—sizzling!

In the forest 'tis a monster dreaded;
Pine and birch and mighty cedars tremble
As with wanton torch the fire-god wanders—
Touching crackling boughs to light his pathway.

When the blackened Dawn remorseless wakens
Stript and pale the whitened embers shiver.

## SONG OF THE SUNLIGHT

Sunlight dancing on the grass
Lightly glancing bids care pass;
Winds caressing woo spring flow's—
Life's a blessing—bright the hours;
Tree-tops swaying—skies all blue;
Leaves a-playing dance with you.

Sunlight, hasten! quickly go
To a casement that I know;
Bid her rise whom I adore;
In her eyes bloom ever more
Love and gladness—life divine—
Hasten, sunlight, she is mine!

Sunlight, listen! tell her soon
All a-glisten, beams high noon;
Fields of clover tempt the bee—
Love's a rover—land or sea—.
All is lightness—Why delay
Lest the brightness pass away?

Sunlight dancing on the grass
Lightly glancing see her pass;
Quickly coming here to me—
Heart a-humming laughs with glee.
Sunlight waving to and fro—
Pathway paving as we go.

## SONG OF THE RAIN

I count the leaden drops of falling rain
That beat upon the roof above my head—
Rain, will you never stop
Beating on heart and brain—
Singing the old refrain—
Weeping for one long dead!

A winding-sheet to wrap me seems the mist—
I feel death's heavy pall in rain's dull fall—
Rain, will you never stop
Beating on heart and brain—
Singing the old refrain—
Weeping for one long dead!

A spectre pale is lurking at my door;
It beckons me, O rain,—again—again!
Rain, will you never stop
Beating on heart and brain—
Singing the old refrain—
Weeping for one long dead!

## SONG OF THE TWILIGHT

(*To C. J.*)

And is this all, O life,
When day is done—
After the toil and strife—
So little won—
To feel Death's shadow fall—
A leaden pall—
Our tasks but half begun:
To fall asleep
When twilight shadows creep,
And life is done?

## A CHRISTMAS SILHOUETTE

Upstretch bare boughs to reach black-bending
skies—
Who knows what hope in frozen branches lies?

Like hands with fingers gaunt lift topmost stem—
A prayer in silhouette seems moving them.

Cold, still and silent seems the winter night—
No breath save icy kiss in hoarfrost light.

Numbs down the black'nd trunks a shiv'ring sigh
To stir the gnarled roots that dormant lie?

Nature in fortress grim her season waits—
Her trees are sentinels outside the gates.

## TO A RUSSIAN DANCER

Like thistle-down—
So light—so swift advancing—
A nymph—a sprite,
Alluring—swaying—dancing;

A spark of fire—
A snow flake softly gliding;
A breath—a dream—
A child in merry hiding;

In sheath-like blade
Of passion madly whirling;
A flow'r—a shade—
A tiny brooklet purling.

To fairy land
You lead—sweet strains inspiring—
Dance then—dance on
With wingéd feet untiring.

Ever see a 'Hunk' Dance?

## A SUMMER STORY

A little Miss—so pretty—
Was walking down the lane;
Some playful clouds beholding
For fun let fall their rain.
Oh, patter, patter raindrops!
What shame to scare her so!
She trembling looks about her
And knows not where to go.

The hedge-rows nodding sweetly
Sigh:—"Come, and hide with me!"
Alas! their thorns prick sharply
And from them she must flee.
The cowslip and the daisy,
And flow'rs I will not name
Lift smiling faces frankly—
The cloud-kiss is no shame.

The little Miss—so pretty—
Lifts tearful eyes of blue;
She sees no shelter,—sobbing,
She knows not what to do.
Still patter, patter rain drops
Beat on her pretty head—
Just than a farmer coming
Accosts her—this he said:—

"O little Miss why standing
Out here in driving rain?
To see you so is shocking—
It really gives me pain.
Then come,—my home is waiting—
My mother, too, will cheer;
And soon the naughty rain drops
Will leave the sky all clear."

The little Miss so pretty,
With tiny, trembling smile
Took shelter in his farm house—
It was not quite a mile—
And while the rain drops falling
Sang; "Patter, patter on!"
His heart to her's a-singing
Sang—quite another song.

## THE WORLD AND SORROW

I to my soul long grieving cried aloud:
"The world is fair to-day—blue are her skies;
Sings she a merry rondelay, nor sighs
Mid shadows deep that mem'ries sad enshroud—
(Pale phantom shadows thronging pallid-browed)
Her blightsome voice re-echoes glad replies;
Nor moans, nor breaks o'er whispered word that dies
In anguished sob—O world, so gay, so proud!"
Yet soon the world, grief mocking, cries: "Begone!
Take thy sad visage—sorrow-scarred—away!
Thou and thy shadow, grief, must walk forlorn,
Nor seek when at our feast mid jest and play
To cloud the hours!" Then, soul, so shadow-worn,
I begged sweet Grief, close-clasp'd, to with me stay.

## BLUSH REDDER, REDDEST ROSE

Ah! rose, red rose so sweet
Thy petals glow
As fiercely blow
The hot tempestous zephyrs that thy love entreat;
Wooing to thee
Through summer night
A bride to be.

Blush redder, reddest rose
Thy heart disclose—
Thy beating, trembling heart
Where passion glows.

Ah! sweet, my roses red
Now softly rest
Upon thy breast;
Their petals plead my passion in their fragrance shed:
Wooing to thee
My rose, my sweet,
My bride to be.

Blush redder, reddest rose
Thy heart disclose—
Thy beating, trembling heart
Where passion glows.

## A BRUISED HEART

It is gone. Let it grieve thee not
(O friend, as I lie dying)
From my heart it is all forgot
(O my friend, cease sighing)
'Twas thy heart that thou smote that day
(O friend, as I lie dying)
From thy heart cast the thought away
(O my friend, cease sighing)

It is gone. As thy hand I clasp
(O friend, as I lie dying)
Is forgot all the bitter past
(O my friend, cease sighing)
All the sweet that my life contained
(O friend, as I lie dying)
To me came when thy love I gained
(O my friend, cease sighing)

## THE WORLD AND DEATH

O world, so cruel, so hard,
Why worship we at thy shrine?
Across the snow,
Long years ago,
Death clasped his hand in mine:—
Death whispered so low, so sweet:—
"Belovéd, come thou with me,
Come, sleep, nor weep,
Lone watch to keep
With none to comfort thee!"

O world, so cruel, so hard,
Thy promises proved a cheat.
Across the snow,
Long years ago
Thou stayed my hast'ning feet
It whispered:—"Thou'lt soon forget—
(Belovéd, I longed for thee!)
But, oh, the world
In anger hurled
Its glamour over me:

It whispered:—"Thoult soon forget—
Thy anguish is but today:
Across the snow
Thou must not go—
The world would have thee stay;
The world will comfort thee soon—"
(Belovéd, thou callest me!)
Yet o'er the snow,
Long years ago
I fled from Death and thee.

## THE COTTON WOOD TREES

Trees with your rough black bark
  And sturdy trunk
Straight towering toward June skies,
  From 'neath green glossy leaf
In softness sunk
  Like feathers warm down flies.

Winds with caressing touch
  Waft here and there—
Soon tangled grass-blades hold
  Soft meshes quickly laid,
And everywhere
  Glows white the sunlit wold.

Soon fill the wheelrut tracks
  And fences nook
Till winter's mock'ry's whole;
  The sun shines thro' soft flakes
And gliding brook
  White crested waves now roll.

'Gainst lifted face floats warm,
  The feathery flakes
To brush past memories by—
  To be with one would I
This warmth forsake
  Tho' cold soft snowflakes fly.

One touch of winter's blast!
  This warm spring air
Would cheat my senses drear.
  Ah, 'tis a mocking snow
That falls so fair
  To cheat each blade and spear.

## 'NEATH THE STARS

Tell the stars to quit their blinking,—
Not at me shall they be winking,
Just because I stole—what was it?
They've no cause to go and buzz it.
Just because the red bird sang it—
In the tree-top out he rang it—
Sure I pleaded long and earned it—
Quick as stolen I returned it.

Tell the stars not softer lighter
Than the thistle-down, but brighter
Are the silken curling tresses
That my cheeck so soft caressses.
Just one kiss! The stars are counting
One and two and three—they're mounting,
But I'm honest—sure you've learned it—
Quick as stolen I returned it.

## THE POET'S THOUGHT

Wouldst learn the poet's thought?
Do you not know
Each whispering wind doth to his mind serene
Her secrets first impart?
He hears I ween,
Where early violets hide; and where doth blow
The firstlings of the spring.
The birds I trow,
Hail him a friend from every tree-top green,
And guide him to yon downy nest, where sheen
Of silver-gray or mottled blue gleams low
'Gainst mother-breast.
The flower-laden air
Doth bring to him the vision fleeting bright
Of some far land—so far away, so fair,
Where he no more will meet the sting, the slight
Of petty scorn from souls who mock and tear
From fancy's fairy wings the plumage white.

## IN SHELTERED NOOK

Blue are the skies;
  Spring flowers fair
  With sweetness rare
Bid love arise,
And to that glade
  He knows so fair
  Quickly repair
To seek its shade.

Blue are the skies;
  A sheltered nook
  Beside the brook
Hears Love's replies
When bending boughs
  In sheltered nook
  No prying look
Nor glances allows.

Blue are the skies.
  Moments so sweet
  With rapid feet
Love's springtime flies
Nor rippling brook
  Nor flowers rare
  Are found so fair
As in that nook.

## WITHIN THE MANOR GARDEN

*To Jessie*

INTRODUCTION

"Love, my belovéd one, shall last,
Shall last till death be past,"
Thus sings the nightingale, and lifts each heart
Responsive to the strain up to the realms
Of love, and parting—yet of life beyond
The portals of this lesser, sadder world
Through golden gates of song to heav'n's shore.

Still sings the nightingale, and wouldst thou hear,
O friend, who with me wanders through these paths,
The romance that in years now long gone by
Made of this garden—then all glowing fair—
A spot to me so sacred, yet so sad,
I fain with thee, O friend, belovéd one,
Would share its memories, while 'round us falls
The evening's pensive shade, and soon the moon
With soft effulgent ray will light the night.

'Tis then the nightingale pours forth his song—
The same empassioned pleading to his mate
That smote upon those list'ning in this glade
So many years ago. Dost know his song;—

"Love, my belovéd one, shall last,
Shall last 'till death be past."
See in the lily's cup
The dew-drop sweet!
List passion's pleading voice

Thy heart entreat.
Faint zephyrs soft complain—
Like fairy lute,
And all the world around,
Though thou art mute,
Sings; "Love, my beloved one, shall last —
Shall last 'till death be past!"

---

Behold before our eyes the scene outspread;—
A glade soft—sloping to a river's bank;
Across the turgid stream huge trees and tall
Stand sentinel to guard the fair demense;
The sun, low-setting gilds with roseate light
The evening clouds that seem from earth to rise
Like banks of soft grey mist enveloping
The far horizon's rim, while faintly rings—
From convent tower near the vesper bells:—

Pealing, so softly stealing
Earth's cares away;
"Lift up your burdened hearts,
Bid earthly woes depart,
Another world revealing—
For this my bells are pealing—
To bid thee pray."
Pealing, so softly stealing
Earth's cares away;
"I bid thee pray!
I bid thee pray!"

Outlined across the blue of western sky
White pigeons swiftly journeying in flight
Seek now at close of day their woodland nest.
All nature speaks, while round us shadows fall
Within this sylvan solitude so still,
So calm, so sweet, of brooding, peaceful rest.

And yonder on the heights to crown this glade
Stands now as then the stately manor house
With turrets towering high mid battlements,
While nestling safe 'neath its protective care
The convent with its slender, heav'n-turned spires
Sleeps in the quiet shade of linden trees.

See, friend, belovéd one, how calm, how still!
What safe retreat would seem those quiet halls
Where slender, pensive forms move silently
From cloister cell to worship at their shrine—
For from the convent walls once entered in
No more the outside world is visited.

The manor garden with its wealth of bloom
Extends unto those walls, and clam'ring up
The rugged, moss-grown stones gleams green
Beneath blue skies the glossy, waxen leaf
And tendrils fine of fragrant moonflowers white,
As if to e'en approach these sacred walls
Fair flowers alone could bloom near heaven's shrine.

Stirs on its slender stem
The fragrant moonflower white
A queenly diadem
To deck the brow of night.

Is felt no faintest breeze
To lift the lang'rous air
Yet through the glossy leaves
Shy buds are trembling there.

E'en tiny insect wings
Are stilled, and incense deep,
The night prevading, clings
And all the senses steep.

And now the sun hath set, and pale the moon
Gleams slenderly above the tree-tops high;
O'er copse and woodland, glade and garden green
The first entrancing strain of nightingale
So piercing sweet stirs e'en the trembling buds
Of moonflowers white to open to the night.

And like a breath from paradise there sweeps
O'er all the blossoms trembling, swaying sweet
That bloom within the moonlit garden fair
The plaintive, searching melody of love:
"Love, my belovéd one, shall last
Shall last till death be past."

Wouldst hear, O friend, belovéd one, of her
The fairest flower sweet that graced in days
Gone by the manor house—a queenly rose
Her maidens fair—a garden sweet—among?

List then, belovéd one, for fain I would
Thy heart to my heart hold in tend'rest love,
And 'tis the penalty of truest love
To dread a future holding love long past,
And thus to lovers true comes sweet the song
Yon birdling sings of love beyond the gates.

---

Still green today the manor garden glows,
But hush'd the girlish voices gay and sweet
That sang love's rondelay. In those past years
The garden glowed as now with golden blooms,
And flaunted to the sun gay blossoms bright,
And with the night came sensuous moonflower's white
To tell of passion pale, and lover's sighs.

'Twas then the nightingale in frenzied notes
Poured forth his song of longing to his mate,
And woke responsive echoes to his cry
In hearts attunéd to the night and love.

See, my belovéd one, the manor stands
Approached through avenue of lordly trees
With branches interwoven high in air,
And through the sun-flecked leaves a-trembling high
Soft light, subdued at mid-day e'en, is thrown.

Down through this avenue of stately elms
Past gay parterre of ever-blooming flowers
A path of greenest turf winds in and out
To lead at length by devious ways device
Unto the river flowing to the sea.
Upon this river, highway to the sea,
Sailed forth in war's array the manor's lord
To fight in battle for his liege, the king,
And with him sailed a goodly company
Of brave and gallant men. When back they came
Victorious from foreign land's fair fields
No guerdon greater could a conqueror gain
Than won the manor's lord in winning her
The fairest maid as bride, his wife to be:
Who from her father's home in sunny France
Surrounded by a chosen band of men
And maids, as victor's prize returned
With him—her conqueror. Not rudely seized
As hostage fair in war's stern might, but giv'n
In wise compliance—a ready yielding
To the wish expressed by him, who, seeing once
This fairest damozel, surrendered her
His heart, and claimed the priceless gift—herself.

A duteous daughter, scarce but child in years
To him the manor's lord is she betrothed,
And gaily ring o'er sunny vineyards fair
The wedding bells, then mid gay songs and jests
Sail joyously, with silken banners spread,
The strangers welcomed by the gallant men
And brave to bear them merry company
To this fair English home beyond the sea.

Soon flit through ancient hall and garden gay
A happy throng—like wingéd butterflies
A-basking in the light of summer time;
While lilt sweet careless voices carrolling;

"Who'd be a-sighing
While skim o'erhead
Gay swallows flying
Circling, vying
In golden summer-time to reach the sun?
Soft zephyrs playing,
Whisp'ring, swaying
Through trembling tree-tops high sweet rapture shed.

Who'd be a-sighing
In summer's prime
With roses blowing,
Nodding, showing
Mid blushing petals red each trembling heart?
O'er fields of clover flits the rover
Bird, bee or butterfly
To reach love's clime.

Who'd be a-sighing?
Bid care depart;
Birdlings are winging
Calling, singing;
"Love's day go not away till life is done."
All fears denying,
Sweet, replying
Wilt thou with rapture fill
My pleading heart?"

---

Perhaps 'twas part the perfume of the flowers—
The moon-lit glade, the greater freedom gained
By honors new—perhaps youth yields to youth,
And, having gained his fairest bride, her lord
On studious work long hours in silence spent;
And in those hours 'twas sweet, 'twas natural
To wander through these flower-decked groves
With gay companions—friends of former days;
Or when some hours of homesick sadness came
How sweet to dwell in mem'ry's halls again
With one to whom each step familiar was,
To see again the vine-clad hills, and hear
One's own familiar language spoken soft;
To tell of little, well-remembered things,
So commonplace when passing, yet so sweet
When time has made them things forever gone.

Among the throng of youths and maidens fair
Attendant on the bride from her own home
Was one brave knight—a distant kinsman young,—
Who, like a brother fond, in childhood days
Had shared her simple tasks and merry play.
When both had older grown, his care it was
To tame her crested falcon for the chase,
And confident was he in all her joys.

Yes, sweet it seemed, and natural to roam
With him these forest paths; and closer grew
In sympathies so keen both hearts so young.
There came at length a few sad days when he
Reluctant, joined perforce a cavalcade
To meet with honors due some foreign guests
Who came to pay unto the English lord
Their courtesies. These days of absence served
As some relentless pow'r, resistless, great—
In silence, yet with touch that trembled not
To lift from sealéd eyes the blindness past
That hid th' effulgent light of mighty love.

Seems now the madrigal of joy to turn
To sadder theme and all the day to sigh:
"Love, do you list'ning hear but words of cheer
That bid you go?
Not hear the stifled sigh—not know the fear
Lest tears may flow?
Yet in my breast scarce seems to beat my heart
With all its woe;
And veiled my eyes to hide their burning smart—
Love, must you go?

Love, do you know how long the days must seem
With you away?
How filled with sadness all the bird-songs teem—
How garish day?
Yet I can bid you go—my words are said—
, Not bid you stay—
Though all the summer days are empty—dead
When you're away!"

That night of his return—the kinsman young—
As was his wont of late, met her, the bride,
Here where we stand, belovéd one, O friend!
While near them lilting voices carrolling
Sang merrily the madrigal of love:
Within each heart a pregnant silence lay
Till woke the sleeping chords of ecstacy
Outpoured unto the night;
"Love my belovéd one, shall last,
Shall last till death be past."

Were words a-mingled with the nightingales
Soft, searching melody of deathless love?
Listening together once again the night,
The glowing flowers sweet, their own young hearts
Spake in the language that leaves naught unsaid.

---

That night a troubled dream disturbed her rest;
She wandered lone through some dark wood,
And always in the distance sadly called
One voice upon her name. She woke to hear
The muffled tread of heavy feet below
In manor hall. Frightened, her maid came in
To tell her hurriedly that at the dawn
The stranger guests escorted by their hosts
Had gaily hied them swiftly to the chase,
And he, her kinsman, bore them company:
Alas! he wounded was—an accident—
"God! was his voice in darkened wood then heard?"
"No, not his voice," they sadly, softly cry,
"For he was dead—dead when they found him first!"

Belovéd one, my friend, a with'ring blight
Seemed then to fall upon this garden green
And once so fair. Soon silence met the song

Of nightingale, and, desolate, a cry
Rang out to tell of gath'ring storm's stern might.
Fled to the convent, there to expiate
By weary vigils long and penance scourge
The guilt of straying thoughts from her liege lord
Wept one, once fairest maid all maids among,
While he, the manor's lord grown stern and grim
Hastened again in service for his King
To lose the life now valueless since lone.

At night while vesper bells so softly rang,
("Pealing, so softly stealing
Earth's cares away.")
And when the sun, low-setting gilt the stream
Before her shrine a penitent in prayer
Sought peace, for heavenly peace to soothe her pain.
Then oft a bird's soft note assailed her soul
To lead her wand'ring thoughts thro' banished years,
And weeping she in accents contrite cried:

I

"The convent walls are high, so high,
The world's afar
While as a star
Yon wax-light dim points to the sky
Safe I should be
On bended knee
While vesper hymns sounds tenderly.

II

The convent walls are high so high,
  The trees so green
  Entice I ween
Yon singing bird my soul to try;
  To lead astray
  At close of day
My erring soul e'en as I pray.

III

The convent walls are high, so high,
  To shut away
  From eyes that stray
The world's temptations ever nigh
  But, ah! for me
  Better to me
Deaf to the song-bird's minstrelsy.

IV

The convent walls are high, so high
  Yet the first strain
  Of birds' refrain
Recalls again the years gone by,
  Alas, for me
  A glade I see
Where lovers wander merrily.

V

The convent walls are high, so high
  Why should the note
  Of bird remote
Undo the work of years gone by:
  Penance and scourge
  My soul to purge
Since o'er me moaned the funeral dirge?

VI

The convent walls are high, so high
  Soon, soon for me
  The past will be
A thing forgot—when dead I lie—
  From sin made free
  Then shall I be
Deaf to the song-bird's minstrelsy."

FINALE:

Come, my belovéd one, my more than friend,
Wilt bid the nightingale in gentlest strain
Tell me thy heart to mine by music sweet
Is linked in fetters golden by his song?
Then o'er this garden like Elysian fields,
Softly shall waft the music of the spheres.

## MY PLACE

I in my little place in the world—
You roving free;
But who can measure thoughts in their flight?—
Like weapons hurl'd
Their pow'r no man can see,

I in my little place in the home—
You lonely far;
But who can curb my pray'r in the night?
Where—e're you roam
My faith your guiding star.

I in my little place in your heart—
You travel-worn;
But who can guage the strength of a love
From self apart
That trusts you night and morn?

I in my little place in the shade—
You in the light:
But God can hear my sigh whispered low,
And, unafraid,
You lead to vict'ry's might.

I in the secret place of my soul
Know love is true.
My thoughts—my pray'rs—my hopes follow on
What e'er your goal—
My place—the heart of you.

## YOUR EYES

There are eyes of tender blue,
  Have a care! Beware!
Lest your heart from me they woo
As they sweetly smile at you—
Heart of mine, to me be true!

There are eyes so soft and brown,
  Have a care! Beware!
Let the smile become a frown,
And a shower of tears come down—
Angry tears in eyes of brown!

There are eyes of dove-like grey,
  Have a care! Beware!
Lest your heart they lead astray—
Making love mere holiday,
And your heart a plaything gay!

There are eyes—your eyes so true—
  Long ago you know—
Be they brown, or grey, or blue,
Won your eyes my heart to you—
Heart of mine, to me be true!

## "IF THIS BE PARTING"

If this must be the day we two shall part
  First tell me, love, what distant land to seek
  Where to my heart bereft no sound shall speak
To me of you—if this be parting.

If when I upward gaze unto the stars
  And see the golden moon—just as of yore
  Tell me, O love, forgot forevermore
Must be past days—for this is parting!

No more shall music sweet enthrall my soul
  For Oh, dear love, what thronging mem'ries
    wake!
  Its language is your own,—and ever spake
To me of you—Must this be parting?

If this must be the day we two shall part
  Teach me to still my heart,—my weary brain,
  For ev'ry heart-beat—ev'ry throbbing vein
But speaks of you—and this is parting!

## THE LAST GLANCE

Into my eyes a glance said:—
"Heart, surrender!"
Yet still I yielded not, but bravely smiled
With all the strength a vanquished cause can lend
her—
A woman's art to e'en herself beguile.

Into my soul a loneliness forever—
Eyes that once looked in mine
Now closed and sealed—
Poor bravery!—a woman's last endeavor
To hold the citadel
When Love cries:— "Yield!"

## THE SECRET

Who told the secret? who knew it to tell?
Only the trees and the flow'rs of the dell.
A sly squirrel, whisked 'cross the flow'r-bedecked glade—
You saw him—and I—but were never afraid.
A pair of brown wrens were loud quarr'ling on high—
They could not have heard what we said—you and I.
The cool little brook lapped the stones at our feet—
For shame! to mistrust that the brook would repeat!
A butterfly poised on a wild rose a minute—
As soon I'd suspect a fair saint at her spinnet!
The bees were so busily dusting the clover
They surely would never be "talking us over."
O sweetheart, I wonder if two roses glowing—
Two eyes shy with love could our secret be showing?
But what do we care if all the world's wond'ring?
Yet "who told the secret?" I cannot help pond-'ring!

## TIGER LILIES

*To M. R. V.*

Midsummer bright! and tall the lilies blow—
Soft velvet-petaled leaves in golden glow.

Back from its crown each spotted petal curls
Be-set on slender stem with dusky pearls.
Expectant stand the tiger lilies tall,
While silver birch leaves near so softly fall.

Birdling and bee and butterfly flit by
O'er greenest garden turf 'neath summer sky.

Dim through the night pale stars mid cloudland sweep,
And dim the lilies tall sad vigil keep.
Fair breaks dawn's light,—still wait the lilies tall;
Expectant, too, sounds faint the lark's sweet call.

Where is she gone whose touch of loving hand
Made of this garden green a charméd land?

Lights flick'ring low through casement open'd wide
All night a-tremble shone her bed beside.
Pale, cold and still now sleeps a silent form,
Nor wakes should tempests roar in deaf'ning storm.

Midsummer bright! Sad voices murmur low,
But still the lilies bloom in golden glow.

## LOVE'S CAPTIVE

*Persian Love Song*

Love's captive cries to his jailer stern;—
"Good Master, a boon I crave:—
Bid sleep, I pray thee, soft sleep sojourn
In mine eyes that weep 'till thy return
From the chase, the mart, from the court, the ball;—
Where e're thou stayest
My heart it prayest
That sleep, soft sleep
To mine eyes would steal,
And dreams thy lov'd face reveal;
So if thou ling'rest at chase or ball,
At the court, the mart or stately hall
I dreaming would see thee,
Would love thee still,—
Nor couldst thou ever leave me
For waking or dreaming
With rapturous seeming
Thy image my dreams shall fill."

---

*By permission of The John Church Co.*

## WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG

(*Madrigal*):

Oh! come, come,
  Why shouldst thou
When love is young,
  And jocund May
To sportive play
  Invites thee,—
Why shouldst thou,
  To spite me,
When love is young
  Cry: "Nay, nay, today
Thou dost affright me!"

Oh! come, come,
  Why shouldst thou
When love is young,
  And 'tis the day
For sport and play.
  Thus doubt me?
Why shouldst thou
  So flout me
When love is young,
  And; "Come, come to-day!"
Sounds all about thee?

Oh! come, come,
  Why shouldst thou
When love is young
  Wait 'till the day
Is passed away
  To meet me?
Why shouldst thou
  Not greet me—
When love is young—
  With: "I'm thine to-day!"
Nor longer cheat me?

## INDIAN SUMMER

There comes a day, before we've more than thought
Of summer dead, when the mind waits to see
A changéd aspect o'er the landscape near;
Tall trees stand black against the cloud-swept skies,
Their branches holding here and there some leaves
Of varied hue.
The tired mind of man
Throws of its weight to see again more sky
Than greets his eye erstwhile in summer heat.
The dusty streets stretch white along the way;
Dark green the grass appears when viewed afar;
The shifting winds sweep here and there brown
leaves,
While flocks of little birds alight, arise—
Scarce to be known from leaf, so brown, so swift
In sudden flight.
A yellow, smoky haze
Enwraps familiar scenes in vistas new.
The air is fragrant with the frost-touched leaves
That burn in heaps along the clean-swept way.
The vine upon the gray stone wall glows bright
With crimson sprays that cheat us to believe
The summer's gayest flowers once more abloom—
As sometimes springs the flower of love anew
In hearts where burned the fierce flame of youth—
Long past! Yet from the ashes of the heart
May rise and glow once more the fire of love.

## THE BASHFUL LOVER

So like her glowing cheek
  The wild-rose fair—
The words my lips would speak
  Unspoken tremble there;

And like blue lily-bells
  Her drooping eyes—
What secret in them dwells
  My heart would fain surprise.

Like ripened grain her hair
  In sunshine seen,
Yet scarce I'd trembling dare
  To touch its silken sheen;

And like her red, red lips
  The perfect rose
From which the sweet bee sips
  The nectar rich that glows.

Now wild-rose blush I see
  Turn crimson flame,
For shall a honey-bee
  A bashful lover shame?

## LOVE'S NIGHT

Sweet, once the days
Held all such dear delight
We could not grasp them quite—
Those precious days,—
But, prodigal,
We wasted moments bright
As if those golden days
Must last for aye,—
As if the day
Could know no coming night—
Ah, night! Love's night!

Sweet, in love's night
Death seals a closéd door,
And bids us never more
Taste love's delight.
A shadow pale
From those fair days of yore
Would flood my soul all bright
With ecstasy;
But past love's day,
And black the lonely night—
Ah, night! Love's night!

## THANKSGIVING

I thank Thee—God—
For simple, little things
That make life glad:—
The smoke of burning leaves—
The first faint tracery
Of frosted panes—
The rush of whirring feet
Through crackling twigs—
A spray of sumac red—
A sharp'ning air—
All tell that summer's dead,—
But winter's King—
I thank Thee—God!

I thank Thee—God—
Who made me part of life!
The sparrow small He named.
Men most obscure
He likened to Himself—
The humblest sought.
Great deeds are like the sun,
And all men praise;
But little things are sweet—
Like violets.
I thank Thee—God—
Who little things hath made,
And none forgot!

## THE STAY AT HOME

I see snow-covered peaks of cloud-land mountains high
Touched by the rising sun.
What matter to my heart so well content if I
Perchance have traveled none?
'Tis His—the Hand that makes the clouds—the peaks—the sun—
And e'en the mind behind the eye that scans the sky
And sees what God hath done.

The little stream that winds through meadows calm and still
Can bear me dreaming down
To oceans wide: I see the angry waves;—the thrill
Of tempests surge and drown:
And frown the ink-black clouds like night: the rain pours down.
I wake from day-dream just to see the old frame mill
Stand in familiar brown.

I hurry—oft so travel-stained and almost spent—
Along earth's highways old;—
Brussels and Antwerp—foggy London—Paris—Ghent—
Their tales so often told
Seem no way new.—But best I dream my hands enfold
My eager friend's—to welcome me with wonderment—
The foreign traveler bold!

What if I waking see stand prim and tall
  Red hollyhocks a-blow?
And breathe the perfume of clove-pinks: and hear
      the call
  Of cat bird—sweet and low?
The hands to welcome me may be the palsied ones
  Of our poor neighbour Jane who lifts my gate-
      latch small.—
I thank God it is so!

## A VALENTINE

Yes, the snows are all about,
  And a nipping, frosty air
That would chill a tender sprout
  If to show its head 'twould dare:
Yet the robin and the wren
  And the humblest growing thing—
They are ready once again
  To believe it is the Spring

It is mating time—
  And growing time—
    And loving time, my dear,
And this Valentine
  I'm sending you
    To make my meaning clear:
See the Cupids on the cover,
  And the bow with bleeding darts—
It is sent you by a lover,
  And his heart with longing smarts.

See, the gentle rains will fall—
  And the breezes whisp'ring low
Woo the tiny vi'lets small—
  Coax the daffodils to grow:
And the river breaks away
  That the ice has held so long—
Flowing, murm'ring, rippling gay
  In the springtime's happy song:

Yes, tis mating time—
And growing time—
And loving time, you see—
And this Valentine
Would bid you now
Entrust your heart to me:
All the flowers bloom and glisten—
All the bird-songs carol sweet—
Hear my song, and as you listen
Bid your heart its song repeat.

## UNDER THE LILACS

I see the lilacs purple sheen
  In swaying branches high;—
The graveled path—the new grass, green,—
  The soft-flecked, springtime sky:

I see the bank amid the trees
  That slopes to brooklet small;
And now as then, like rain the breeze
  In trembling poplars tall;

But most to pierce my heart—now lone—
  I hear a bird's song ring.
O spirit love, in realms unknown
  Do you, too, hear it sing?

## "WHY, O LITTLE FLOW'RET?"

Why, O little flow'ret,
With your rain-washed face
Can you smile so brightly
As the spring show'rs race?
Down the black clouds pouring
Drench the meadows green
As if Heav'n were weeping—
Still your smile serene!

By the brooklet standing
Wait I all in vain,—
She the tryst forsaking
As fast falls the rain:
Still the mill wheel turning
Laughs its happy song,—
Flow'r and brook are mocking
At my waiting long.

Know you, little flow'ret,
With your petals blue,
There are eyes I know of
With a brighter hue?
Know you, noisy brooklet,
Though your voice is strong
There's a voice far sweeter—
In my heart its song.

See, the clouds are clearing!—
  Is it brook or bird
That my lone heart hearing
  All my being stirred?
Flow'ret, little flow'ret,
  Lift your smiling face—
On her breast soon lying
  You will find a place!

## TWO VISIONS

One woman sees the world spread out
  Before her listless gaze,
And in her heart—like desert drought—
  No spring of joy can raise.

Another sees on prairies bleak
  From cloudland's valleys high
God's mountains rising peak on peak
  Against the sunset sky.

One hears her own sad heart complain
  In symphony divine;
And one forgets life's stress and strain
  In simplest song or line.

And so God gives His gifts—we take.—
  His not the blame—but ours
If we the light of joy forsake
  To fret behind life's bars.

## GOD'S PROMISES

Sometimes the heart cries out:
"Be near me, God, I pray!
I am bereft—and lost—
Show me, O God, the way!"
Sometimes I sorely need
To rest my heart on Thee—
Sometimes I seem to hear
His voice to comfort me;

Sometimes I hear Him say:
"'Knock' and 'twill open be!"
"'Seek' and you'll surely find!"
"'Ask' what you will of Me!"
Sometimes I wonder why
On life's hard, lonely way
His promises we doubt—
Teach me, O God, to pray!

Sometimes I almost seem
To touch my Brother's hand—
Only a moment's grasp—
All day I stronger stand;
Sometimes in darkened room
A Light I faintly see—
His light that lifts the gloom—
Lead me, O God to Thee!

## "LOVELY WEATHER"

It is always "lovely weather"
  In a country that I know.
I have seen two walk together—
  Wintry winds might chill and blow—
But the roses—cold can't cheat her —
  Bloomed upon her face so fair,
And his heart-blood leapt to meet her
  As they strolled together there.

It was always "lovely weather"
  In their country, though the sun
Beat or bake the grass or heather
  If together they were one.
Do you know that land beguiling?
  Have you traveled in Love's clime
Where the skies are bright and smiling—
  "Lovely weather" all the time?

## FUTURITY

That day, O love, your soul unseen takes flight
How shall I, weeping, look upon your face?
How shall I bear the home-like—once-loved place
Where we have lived?—you hidden from my sight.

That day, O love, how still must gleam your brow—
(The eyes fast-closed that I have loved so well.)
Shall you not see me where-so ere you dwell?—
I seem to feel your pit'ing glance e'en now.

Shall you not hear me?—sobs my bosom fret.—
Not hear me though my heart so wildly cry?
(You who look up to question if I sigh)—
Dear heart, no love like ours shall e'er forget.

## LOVE'S SILENCE

If you, when all our parted years are fled,
  But turn again your steps to seek my door—
  Then will I need no word to tell me more
Than that you trust me—sweetest word unsaid.

I will not ask what heart-breaks you have known
  Nor seek to know the buried, bitter woe,—
  It is enough that you can trust me so—
And all the weary years at last are flown.

It will be sweet to know that you are near—
  To see the dusky twilight fill the room—
  To think that only I can light the gloom,
And in the silence feel that I am dear.

## "SINCE YOU ARE GONE"

Why do you mock me, O you happy days,
Now that I am alone?
Around my heart
You bind a chain as strong as riven iron:
Out of the flow'rs that smiled once 'neath the sun
You brew a spell to drive my tired brain mad.

If you had whispered to me—loving then—
(O you, the spirit of those golden days!)
That I should be so wretched when alone
Would I not than have fled your passing joys?
I look now up into the mocking sky:
And pass I silently the blooming flow'rs.
No longer smile the ripples of the lake—
All emptiness—just things of soul-less life
Since you are gone.

## "I WONDER"

Little cloud, little cloud
  You sail so quickly by,—
I wonder whither flying
  You haste in distant sky?
Little cloud, little cloud
  A boat is on the sea,—
I wonder if I ask you
  Would drop a word from me?

Little cloud, little cloud
  No longer you I see,—
I wonder if the breezes
  Would kinder be to me?
Southern breeze, southern breeze
  You sigh of passion's fire,—
I wonder can I trust you
  To breathe my heart's desire?

Southern breeze, passing breeze
  You're whisp'ring to the rose,—
Yon nightingale a-singing
  Aloft may bear my woes,—
Nightingale, nightingale
  Your heart knows sorrow's pain—
I wonder will you winging
  Repeat my heart's refrain?

Little cloud, passing breeze
  And nightingale are done,—
I wonder if thought speeding
  Can reach the distant one?
Know you then, know you then
  You are not alone—
From my heart, from my heart
  Wingéd thoughts have flown.

## DE PROFUNDIS

(*To Mr. John McCormack*)

Deep from the sea a pearl—
  A lovely, lustrous thing;
Once was it jaggéd,—rough—
  A shell imprisoning?

Deep in my heart a song—
  What wells of anguish keen
Gushed from my aching breast
  In tears unswept—unseen!

Go, pearl and song, your way.
  The pearl a crown may grace.
Haply my little song
  May cheer some lonely place.